



60  
KATHLEEN O MOORE

An Irish Air

the Poetry by

S. WOODWORTH.

Sung by

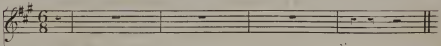
MISS L. GILLINGHAM.


With an accompaniment

FOR THE


(PIANO FORTE.)

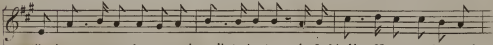
New York, Eng<sup>d</sup>. Printed & Sold by E. Riley 29 Chatham St.

VOCE. 

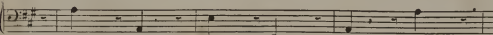
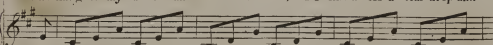
PIANO 

*Andantino con espressione.*

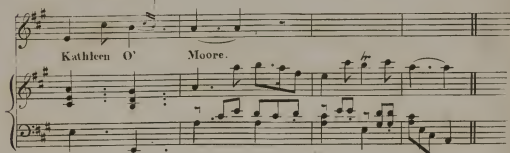
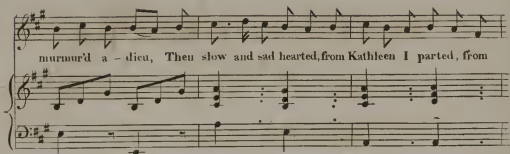
FORTE. 



She hung on my bosom and vow'd to be true, As I kiss'd off a tear drop and



Entered according to Act of Congress, the seventeenth day of October 1839, by Edward Riley of the State of New York.



2

I tore myself from her, and left her in tears,  
With a pang at my heart, yet remembered for years .  
Tho' hope was repeating, a promise of meeting  
With Kathleen O' Moore.

3

'Twas eve and the moon brightly smild on the spot,  
As I linger'd to gaze yet again on the Cot  
That held the dear treasure, I lov'd without measure  
My Kathleen O' Moore.

4

Still hope fondly whisper'd with flattering tone,  
That I shortly might call the dear treasure my own,  
But hope has deceiv'd me, and fate has bereav'd me  
Of Kathleen O' Moore.

5

A richer swain woo'd, and she smild on his plea,  
And she gave him the hand, she had plighted to me  
And left me to languish, with heart beating anguish  
For Kathleen O' Moore.

